The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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THE EVE OF ELECTION.

From gold to gray
Our mild sweet day
Of Indian Summer fades too soon;
But tenderly
Above the sea
Hangs, white and calm, the hunter's moon.

In its pale fire
The village spire
Shows like the zodiac's spectral lance;
The painted walls
Whereupon it falls
Transfigured stand in marble trance!

O'er fallen leaves
The west wind grieves,
Yet comes a seed-time round again;
And morn shall see
The State sown free
With baneful tares or healthful grain

Along the street
The shadows meet
Of Destiny, whose hands conceal
The moulds of fate
That shape the State,
And make or mar the common weal.

Around I see
The powers that be;
I stand by Empire's primal springs;
And princes meet,
In every street,
And hear the tread of uncrowned kings!

Hark! through the crowd
The laugh runs loud,
Beneath the sad, rebuking moon:
God save the land
A careless hand
May shake or swerve ere morrow's noon!

No jest is this:
One cast amiss
May blast the hope of Freedom's year.
Oh, take me where
Are hearts of prayer,
The foreheads bowed in reverent fear!

Not lightly fall
Beyond recall
And written scrolls a breath can float;
The crowning fact,
The kingliest act
Of Freedom is the freeman's vote!

For pearls that gem
A diadem
The diver in the deep sea dies;
The regal right
We boast to-night
Is ours through costlier sacrifice;

The blood of Vane,
His prison pain,
Who traced the path the Pilgrim trod;
And hers whose faith
Drew strength from death,
And prayed her Russell up to God!

Our hearts grow cold,
We lightly hold
A right which brave men die to gain;
The stake, the cord,
The axe, the sword,
Grim nurses at its birth of pain.

The shadow rend,
And o'er us bend,
O martyrs, with your crowns and palms;
Breathe through these throngs
Your battle songs,
Your scaffold prayers, and dungeon psalms!

Look from the sky,
Like God's great eye,
Thou solemn moon, with searching beam,
Till in the sight
Of thy pure light
Our mean self-seekings meaner seem.

Shame from our hearts
Unworthy arts,
The fraud designed, the purpose dark,
And smite away
The hands we lay
Profanely on the sacred ark.

To party claims
And private aims,
Reveal that august face of Truth,
Whereto are given
The age of heaven,
The beauty of immortal youth.

So shall our voice
Of sovereign choice
Swell the deep bass of duty done,
And strike the key
Of time to be,
When God and man shall speak as one!

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

PRAISING THE LORD

A THANKSGIVING SERMON.

Praise ye the Lord.—PSALM cxl. 6.

The Psalms I read for a lesson seem to me to be the key to all true gratitude, because they begin and end with God.

They enlist the whole universe in his praise, make that the ground for singing we are apt to make a reason for sighing, and grant with a clear courage the things which fill us now and then with a blank dismay. If the sublime forces of nature have not attended properly to our poor little patch, and behaved themselves generally as we think they ought to behave within the circle of our interests, doing what we conceive to be our work rather than the work of him that sent them, and have not stood to us and by us; if they have not made a fair showing for us through the year, from the cotton crop to the ice crop, with such a margin of misfortune, please God, on the other side of the water, as will prevent our burning corn for fuel in lower Illinois, or leaving the wheat in Minnesota to be eaten by the vermin,—then we hesitate and ponder. Some such feeling as this lies latent in almost every human heart, not as a thing to be spoken of with this accent in our meetings, or as a feeling to be nourished for an instant by wholesome men and women, but in the great bulk of us it is there all the same and drifting always to this conclusion, that we will thank God for value received or expected, in good solid dividends, the kernel of praise for a kernel of worth, but only shells for shells. So heaven must do her best, or it is too much to expect that we shall do ours.

But not so, I have said, does this seer and singer make melody in his heart to God. He pulls out all the stops, touches all the keys, smites all the bells, makes his *Te Deum* include all the harmonies and all the discords, and so touches you as you are touched by Niagara on a still summer's morning, when, standing at the true distance from the clash and clamor, cataracts and falls, boiling floods and whirlpools, are all blended into one deep and true accord.

He will have all the angels praise God, from the great angel standing in the sun to that which lurks in a dewdrop, and, when its work is done, melts away into heaven, to come down again, if God will, in rains that desolate a province; and from the angels of slaying that smite the first-born, through plague or war, to the angels of help and healing that walk through the hospitals and sit down by sick-beds and incarnate again the blessed Christ. All the angels shall praise God, the seer and singer cries, and all the elements, those that destroy with those that create, fearful and destructive powers, and those on which the seal is set of his large and sure benediction,—fire and hail, snow and vapor and stormy wind; fire rushing through your tenements or through lonely settlements in Michigan, hail beating the blossoms to a pulp and almost breaking the hearts of those who nurse and love them, and winds hurling the ships ashore and whelming brave men in sudden death.

Shall these praise God? No, we say in our secret heart, these belong to the other side: the devil has got loose when these things befall us. "Not so," the singer cries, and "not so" cry those who stand with him and know his secret. God stands not on one side, helpless and aggrieved that these things should be, or heedless as the Atlantic is of the wreck that goes down into its heart. We do not know how it is or why it is, but we are persuaded that neither life nor death, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other thing, can separate us from the love of God; and all these things in all their aspects are parts of his eternal providence,—ugly things, to our poor sight, as things that shine with beauty, things we will not name, we loathe them so, and things over which we bend with an endless delight, they are so winsome and so close

of kin to the best there is in our own nature,—grasshoppers and orioles, the barn-door chick and the vulture, the hawk and the throstle, the lion and the lamb, the wolf and the shepherd's dog. Make out your catalogue, this stanch old seer cries; put these on the right and those on the left, if you will; say these are good alone and those wholly evil. So they are, and well may be to poor human insight. But then I will say to them all and altogether, Praise ye the Lord; for, had there not been some praiseworthy purpose in them, they had never been made.

In this new day in which we live, we can make science one with the gospel and the psalm, and see through her glass also how all things have in them the hint of a divine beneficence; and nothing was made merely to suffer, and to say as the end of its experience, I am a frustration and had better never have been born. And this, and this alone, to my mind, is the true way to thank God. It turns not on crops or plenty of trade or freedom from pests or storm or blight. It is the human heart turning to God with this grand, full beat in it, and breaking out into this psalm, which can tolerate no private interpretation; and then it is the whole nation singing this one melody, "Praise ye the Lord!" because this again must be the end as it is the beginning,—that we praise God, if there is to be any great worth in our singing. The old Puritans struck the great note here, no matter how their fingers wandered over the keys besides, after the minors and the thirds. There can be no gratitude to stir the heart and return for blessing on the life if we have no connection reaching up to the eternal God as the spring of all our joy. Better be the old Puritan in a corner, with the sense of God's presence burning us, as the sun burns through a lens, than go wandering all over the universe, seeking one to thank, but unable to find him. They used to thank mother earth and the rivers and the sun. It is no use our trying to do that now; for we also have weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance, caught the sun in a spectroscope, or think we have, and sent a commissioner to catch the lost secret of the springs of old Nile. We can only thank these as we thank other servants for good service, and so be still exalted, to be sure, by courtesy, but find nothing in them all so great as the soul. Nor can we praise the laws or their outcome in the elements,—fire and hail, snow and vapor and stormy wind, or the electric fires or the succession of the seasons.

There is but one way, and it is just the old simple way,—*we shall praise God.*

There can be no true thanksgiving except we do that, and believe with our whole heart that he is here and there and everywhere to answer to our gratitude, not as the blowing winds merely, or the wandering rains, or the light which comes and goes, or the sweetly responsive earth, or our mother nature, but as the innermost and surest presence of which we can form any conception, to which all other personality, even that of his Christ, is but a faint adumbration, and who, because he worketh hitherto and we work, brings us to these times when we can lift our hearts to him and thank him for the darkness and the light, for the evil, as it seems to us, as for the good, and for death as for life.

The little children for their childhood, if we are wise to keep them clear from the cruel shadows that blight and wither their loving look toward heaven, and temper the hectic eagerness they possess above all other children to be otherwise and otherwheres than they are now on the earth, we can bid them to be thankful. And bid our youth be thankful for the wealth which comes in the unworn nature, for the matchless inheritance to which they are born, and for all the fair hopes which will still invade their disheartenment. Bid them be thankful, and take no special note of so much worth for so much striving, because, if they do this on too close a margin, when the day comes we all reach soon or late, of less worth for more striving, the chances are that they will fall away from the grace which seems to have fallen away from them.

Yes, and *we* must thank God, who may not hope to see many more Thanksgivings, for the lessons life has brought us, and be what we sing. Young men and maidens, old men and children, let us all thank God in some grand, true way for the world we live in, more beautiful and excellent still than all the poets and seers have told; for the land we live in, the nursing mother of all who will look to her,—how she feeds the waiting millions, how she welcomes these that seek her shores from the long oppression, straightening their backs, brightening their eyes, and taking the slouch out of their feet; for the hearths and the altars, yes, and for the graves; for the sweet benignity of death, when life can do no more for us; for the rest

that comes then, and the rest that remains, if we work worthily while we are here. Indeed, indeed, I ask you to no common boon when I ask that we shall take this ground for our Thanksgiving, and neither doubt God nor parley with him, nor try to show him by inference and innuendo wherein he has come short of our expectations. Praise ye the Lord!—*Robert Collyer.*

THE STILL HOUR.

THANKFULNESS.

My God, I thank Thee, who hast made
The earth so bright,
So full of splendor and of joy
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round;
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours;
That thorns remain,
So that earth's bliss may be our guide
And not our chain.

For Thou, who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings,
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things!

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more,—
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

—*Adelaide A. Procter.*

The chief difficulty with our religion is that it is too stiff and formal; it is put away by itself, as something for Sundays; it does not show us God, as Paul said, "not far from any one of us,"—in the deep blue sky, in the glowing sunlight, in the music and poetry which touch our inmost hearts, in the love of a dear friend, in the hand which touches ours in our sorrow with a magnetic thrill of sympathy. And, if a better thought or purpose arises in our heart, and we long to know and love God and goodness, this also is God, who touches the soul as the musician the strings of the harp. The harp has stood voiceless and covered with dust for years; but one day the master comes, and draws from it symphonies of celestial joy, and makes it sing thanksgivings and allelujahs like those of heaven. Our heart is thus silent until God touches it. Then it rises into strains of peace, courage, hope, love.

The first condition of all true life is a supreme love to God and goodness. If each day we seek first of all to be in a spirit of good will, to be open to sympathy with those around us, to do for love of God whatever work he sends us, to do for others whatever our hand finds to do, then we shall have that "perfume tempered together, pure and holy," which shall make the day sweet and the night serene, the peace passing understanding which Christ's love gives and the world cannot take away.

Have we not sometimes seen persons on whom this ineffable Dove of Peace seems always to brood? some persons whom nothing could disturb, no accident, no disappointment, no disaster; who never seemed vexed, never discomposed, never sore, never out of temper; who were impregnable to all assaults of evil; who were like the rock in the sea, over which the great billows break and roar, but which stands unmoved, and emerges at last calm and firm as ever.

What produced this divine serenity, subject to no moods, clouded by no depression, this perpetual Sunday of the heart? It was not merely good nature, not the accident of a happy organization. It was deeper than that. It was the perfect poise resulting from a Christian experience. It was the habit of looking to God in love and to man in love.—*James Freeman Clarke, "Messages of Faith, Hope, and Love."*

Joy is a prize unbought, and is freest, purest in its flow when it comes unsought. No getting into heaven as a place will compass it. You must carry it with you, else it is not there. You must have it in you, as the music of a well-ordered soul, the fire of a holy purpose, the welling up out of the central depths of eternal springs that hide their waters there.—*H. Bushnell.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[*Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.*]

BEFORE WRITING TO ASK FOR BOOKS, DO NOT FAIL TO READ THE FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS.

1. If you see a book offered in the Book Club which you desire to read, write directly to the address of the person who offers it. If she receives more than one request, the addresses of those to whom she cannot respond may be sent to the Book Club, and the request printed there.

2. If you have a book or paper to give or lend, write directly to the Book Club as above, and offer it with your address.

3. In sending a book, enclose, when possible, a P.O. card for response, already addressed.

4. In thanking the person who has sent you a book, always mention the name of the book. Say, "I have received 'Black Beauty,'" or whatever the book may be; not, "I have received *that book*." This saves a busy person a good deal of time. Otherwise she must consult her list constantly to find out what book has been received safely.

N.B.—Do not send books to the Book Club. Send only the *offer* to the club. To send the *book* involves packing it *twice* and paying postage *twice*, where once would suffice.

Those who offer books frequently receive notes, saying, "Shall I return you this book, or keep it, or pass it on?" *Unless otherwise stated*, all books offered in this department are *given*, and the postage paid.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it: else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

Please write only on one side of the paper in sending lists or letters to the secretary.

OFFERS.

Will any one who would like to receive "Black Beauty" address Miss Langmaid, 71 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.?

The following books are offered by the Second Church branch, Salem. Address Miss Decker, 4 Mt. Vernon Street, Salem, Mass. Peterson's "Grammar and Composition"; Franklin's "Fourth Reader"; "Physical Geography," Geikie; "First Lessons on the Bible," E. H. Hall; "Vesper Services"; "Song Book"; "American History," Montgomery; "Book-keeping," Comer; "Speller"; "French Fables"; "La Chaumière Irlandaise" (French); "Autobiography of Anthony Trollope"; "Brother Jacob" and "The Lifted Veil," George Eliot; *Every Other Sunday*, 1903–04; *Table Talk*, a domestic magazine; *The Ladies' Home Journal*, 1903; music, vocal and instrumental.

The following books are offered by Miss Winifred Evans, 277 Southern Avenue, Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, Ohio: "New Elocution," Kidd; "History of Greece," Sewell; "Campaign Sketches of the War with Mexico," W. S. Henry; "Historical Course for Schools," Freeman; McGuffey's "High School Reader"; Harrington's "Spelling-book"; "Physics," Balfour Stewart; "Elements of Physics," S. A. Norton; Dubb's "Arithmetical Problems"; "First Lessons in Geometry," Thomas Hill; "Treatise on Elementary Geometry," Chauvenet; "Geometry and Trigonometry," from works of A. M. Legendre; Metcalf's "English Grammar"; "English and American Literature," Shaw; "Specimens of English Literature," Shaw; "Art of Speech" (vol i., "Study in Poetry and Prose"), S. T. Townsend; "Natural Philosophy," S. A. Norton; "Physiology and Hygiene," Hutchison; "Elements of Chemistry," Elroy M. Avery; White's "New Complete Arithmetic"; "Arithmetical Problems, Oral and Written," Robinson; Ray's "New Intellectual Arithmetic"; "Eclectic Historical Atlas"; "Brief Longhand"; First, Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth "German Readers"; Channing's "Memoir."

Miscellaneous.

"Swedish System of Educational Gymnastics," Baron Posse; "Personal Reminiscences, by Cornelia Knight and Robert Raikes"; "Wanderings in Four Continents"; "Search for Basil Lyndhurst"; "Heriot's Choice"; "Old Mam'selle's Secret"; "Christie Johnstone"; "In Far Lochaber"; "Aunt Diana"; "Choice Humor"; "A Romance of the Nineteenth Century," Mallock; "Logie Town"; "Not All in Vain"; "Stories," Barrie; "Soldiers Three," Kipling; Scott's "Poems"; "The Heir of Linne."

REQUESTS.

[*Read directions at beginning of Book Club before writing.*]

Those who send offers and requests for the Book Club will do us a kindness by noting the following suggestions: 1. Please write very clearly. 2. Do not use a pencil. 3. Do not use contractions, especially names of States (as Cal. and Col. for California, Colorado.) 4. Write on one side only of the paper. 5. Do not forget to give your full address. (The State is now and then omitted.) 6. Do not send matter for the Book Club to Miss Clarke, but to Mrs. Nichols, the Book Club Secretary.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. *Dear Cheerful Friends,*—I have much to thank you for, in the way of reading matter and letters; and I want to ask you to remember a friend of mine, Mrs. Lou L. Pedigo, Hutcherson Street, Portsmouth, Virginia. She is the mother of several children, and will enjoy corresponding with some of you, and would also like to have reading sent her suitable for herself, her fifteen-year-old daughter, and other children. Magazines, *Youth's Companions*, or any spare literature will be appreciated and lent to others who are unable to buy. I am very grateful to all who have remembered my aunt, Mrs. Ross, of Dodson, Virginia. She has lost her husband and will still appreciate any remembrance. Some of my pen friends have not written me since I was crippled, October, 1901. I should like ever so much to hear from each of them again, and from others, too. So please give me a letter party at Thanksgiving. My address was formerly Heareford, North Carolina, but is now Vinton, Virginia. Mrs. H. C. Martin, Vinton, Virginia.

2. I think the friends must have forgotten me away here in Northern Ontario, as it is a long time since I have received any reading; and, as the long winter evenings are coming, I would be glad to get any of your spare books or magazines. I would be pleased to have the *Youth's Companion* or *Strand Magazine*, or any of Henty's books. In fact, almost any kind of reading would be enjoyed and passed on when read. I would like the *Sunday School Times;* and, if any one has a commentary, or any help to the study of the Bible, it would be of much service to me in my Sunday-school work. Thanking all who in the past have sent me reading, I am, yours thankfully, Mr. S. C. Gardiner, Iron Bridge, Ontario, Canada.

3. I should be glad to receive Isaac Pitman's "Shorthand Instructor," or any other kind if you happen to have it, also "Richard Carvel" or "The Crisis." I have enjoyed *The Cheerful Letter* very much, and also the reading I have received from it. Miss Lyla E. Deuel, South Trenton, New York.

4. *Dear Friend,*—If any of *The Cheerful Letter* readers has a Hansel "United States History" and a Sanford Primary Arithmetic to spare, I would be glad to have them for my little girl. She needs them, and I am not able to buy them. I received some good reading that was thankfully received. Mrs. N. E. Russell, Peachland, North Carolina.

5. I would be pleased to receive "Madcap Violet," Grimms' and Andersen's "Fairy Tales," "Ten Nights in a Bar-room," or any good books and magazines and children's drawing-books. I am a great sufferer from asthma, and have to spend most of my time indoors. I am thirteen years of age. Viola Hardigree, Winder, Georgia.

6. Mrs. Sarah Bowen, Ben Franklin, Texas, will be glad to receive "Wide, Wide World" and "Robinson Crusoe."

7. Mrs. M. E. Oades, 420 3d Street, Olympia, Washington, will be thankful for copies of the "Philistines."

8. Mr. F. W. Roberson, Elamsville, Virginia, asks for "In His Steps."

9 I feel it my duty to thank the club for the nice literature I have received since I have been corresponding with the members, but I have not received any for several months. I would be glad of some good reading for my children, and also would be very thankful of some school-books. I would like a manual of geography and Johnson's "First Reader." I will pass on any reading that may be sent me. Mrs. Martha Wagner, Critz, Patrick County, Virginia.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

THE KINDERGARTEN (*continued*).

Weakness of the Public Schools.

The age of the kindergarten is scarcely great enough to give any very definite data as to its results in the education of the mass of children. Whatever criticism may justly be made of the practical development of kindergarten teaching, its underlying principles must remain illuminating ones, especially those in the education of children reared in cities and looking forward to industrial life.

In criticising the results of education among such children, the whole school system should be included in the review. It is founded on a scheme of life which does not exist for the large majority of those it seeks to train. It presupposes home surroundings which inoculate culture, the habits

of observation, concentration, judgment, obedience, kindness, and all the subtle elements of fine character. Its standard is that of a period in our civilization which has passed; for, while we should still, in a measure, reverence the ideals of academic learning, we may not justly, in the new order of city life, give them their old emphasis. To the possibilities of the many they are unsuited: to others they give disproportioned view of what the ultimate attainment of the educated individual should be, leaving a comparatively small number for whom the scholarly training really achieves a desirable culture.

Whatever, therefore, brings to education a clearer conception of the school in its relation to the child of the crowded city, and whatever seeks to relate learning to the practical concerns of daily living, is a gain. Wherever the kindergarten does not make this contribution, it certainly fails; but, intelligently taught, it probably does much in co-ordinating the early days of public school children.

Many teachers undoubtedly err on the side of sentimentalism. We have gone to extremes in order that children should have a "good time," and this tendency has gotten into the curriculum of some schools at the expense of more prosaic and stern methods. In her desire to keep the children happy the kindergartner provides too many diversions and overexcites the more sensitive child. She may fail, too, to recognize clearly enough the special discipline each child needs. Those of us who were brought up to mind and to go through with some tasks which seemed unpleasant must be so devoutly thankful that certain forms of discipline were gotten over early. My mother used to say to me, "It is a great thing to learn to be able to say 'No.'" It is at this point of training the will that modern teaching is most apt to fail.

What are the lessons needed for a wholesome city life? To learn devotion to home, a keen sense of neighborliness, democratic consideration, concentration, accuracy, persistence, and tastes for wholesome pleasures. These are all of them characteristics developed or directed by a sturdy exercise of the will, in the training of which lies the most important field of education.

Not that we should return to the old inconsiderate enforcement of another's will in dull efforts to master distasteful lessons. Give the child something to do which will represent to him a distinct achievement requiring time and effort to accomplish, and concentration of hand and brain, and then hold him to his work. The loss in character from the lack of such determination is too often seen in the boys and girls who go early to work for the sake of being financially independent and free from restraints.

In the field of social settlement life the kindergarten is an important element. It brings children of a neighborhood early under a simple and uniform code of good behavior. It supplies a strong bond with the family through the mothers, who meet the teacher regularly, and whose active interest in the simpler forms of education is thus constantly invited. The mental activities of children, which would otherwise run riot and become exhausted before their time of full development, are given direction and definite purpose.

The kindergarten here is the first step in the series of classes in industrial training which lead eventually for most into various fields of labor where the eye and the hand acting in harmony make skilful work. As part of such a system it serves the double purpose of providing brightness and pleasant occupation where such would otherwise very likely be lacking, and of checking that waste of ability which is all too common.—*Mrs. Robert A. Woods, South End House, Boston.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

FLYING SQUIRRELS

Another of these seclusive races that manage to live close about us, unespied by all except the most inquisitive of their human neighbors, is the race of flying squirrels. Whether they are more or less common than red squirrels, gray squirrels, and chipmunks, it would be hard to say; but, while red squirrels, gray squirrels, and chipmunks flit before you wherever you go, you may stroll the woods from year's end to year's end without seeing hide or hair of their interesting cousin. Flying squirrels stir abroad after dark, not because their deeds are evil (though they like small birds and bird's eggs), but because—well, as the wise old nursery saw puts it, because "it is their nature to."

Several times during the past winter I made attempts to see them (the story of one of these attempts has been told in this

column), but always without success, though twice I was taken to a nest that was known to be in use. The other day I went to the same place again, the friend who escorted me having found a squirrel there that very forenoon. He shook the tree—a small gray birch, with a nest of leaves and twigs perched in its top—and out peeped the squirrel. "See him?" said my friend. "Yes." Then he gave the tree a harder shake, and in a moment the creature spread his "wings" and sailed gracefully away, landing on the trunk of an oak not far off, at about the height of my head. There he clung, his large handsome eye, full of a startled emotion, fastened upon me. I wondered if he would let me put my hand on him; but, as I approached within three or four yards, he scrambled up the tree into the small branches at the top. He was going to take another flight if the emergency seemed to call for it, and, the higher he could get, the better. The oak was too big to be shaken, but a smaller tree stood near it. This my companion shook in the squirrel's face, and again he took flight. This time he passed squarely over my head, showing a flat, outspread surface sailing through the air, looking not the least in the world like a squirrel or any other quadruped. Again he struck against a trunk, and again he ran up into the tree-top, and again he was shaken off.

Four times he flew, and then I protested that I had seen enough and would not have him troubled further. We left him in a maple top, surrounded by handsome red flower clusters.

The flight, even under such unnatural conditions, is a really pretty performance, the surprising thing about it being the ease and grace with which the acrobat manages to take an upward turn toward the end of his course, so as always to alight head uppermost against the bole. It would be fun to see such a carnival as Audubon describes, when two hundred or more of the squirrels were at play in the evening, near Philadelphia, running up the trees and sailing away, like boys at the old game of "swinging off birches." "Scores of them," he says, "would leave each tree at the same moment and cross each other, gliding like spirits through the air, seeming to have no other object in view than to indulge a playful propensity."

Compared with that, mine was a small show; but it was so much better than nothing.—*Bradford Torrey.*

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

RAGGED SCHOOLS (*continued*).

It was not long before Lord Ashley made himself personally acquainted with the work and the neighborhood in which this work was carried on. Field Lane was the name of a district not far northward from the foot of Holborn Hill. It was one of the most disreputable localities in London, and West Street, where the Ragged School was situated, was in one of the most disreputable parts of Field Lane. It was in the heart of what was known as "Jack Ketch's Warren," so named from the fact that a great number of persons who were hanged at Newgate came from the courts and alleys hereabouts. "The disturbances which occurred here were of so desperate a character that from forty to fifty constables would be marched down with cutlasses, it being frequently impossible for officers to act in fewer numbers or unarmed." For a century previously this district had been the resort of the most notorious illdoers. Some of the houses were close beside the Fleet Ditch, and were fitted with dark closets, trap-doors, sliding panels, and other means of concealment and escape, while extensive basements served for the purpose of concealing stolen goods, and in others there were furnaces used by coiners and stills for the production of excisable spirits. On the north side of the street were a number of tenements, fearful to approach, called "Black Boy Alley"; and these in the reign of George II. were a terror to the whole city. . . . These atrocities became so notorious that special steps were taken by the government to pursue the offenders, and no fewer than nineteen were executed at one time.

Such were the traditions of the place, and up to 1843 it had held its own bad preeminence. It was exactly the kind of locality in which Lord Ashley had wished to see religious and philanthropic efforts undertaken, and it was not long before he became almost as familiar with the district of Field Lane as with the neighborhood of Grosvenor Square.

It is difficult to realize, in the present day, what self-denial was involved in such an enterprise as the establishment of a ragged school. Charles Dickens has thus described his visit to the scene of Lord Ashley's early labors in this field:—

"I found my first ragged school in an

obscure place called West Street, Saffron Hill, pitifully struggling for life under every disadvantage. It had no means; it had no suitable rooms; it derived no power or protection from being recognized by any authority; it attracted within its walls a fluctuating swarm of faces—young in years, but youthful in nothing else—that scowled hope out of countenance. It was held in a low-roofed den, in a sickening atmosphere, in the midst of taint and dirt and pestilence, with all the deadly sins let loose, howling and shrieking at the doors. Zeal did not supply the place of method and training; the teachers knew little of their office; the pupils, with an evil sharpness, found them out, got the better of them, derided them, made blasphemous answers to Scriptural questions, sang, fought, danced, robbed each other—seemed possessed by legions of devils. The place was stormed and carried over and over again: the lights were blown out, the books strewn in the gutters, and the scholars carried off triumphantly to their old wickedness. With no strength in it but its purpose, the school stood it all out and made its way. Some two years since I found it quiet and orderly, full, lighted with gas, well white-washed, numerously attended, and thoroughly established."

It will be enough to say that, no sooner had Lord Ashley taken it under his protection, than it began to develop and its usefulness to increase, until within ten years the committee were able to report, "It has established a free day school for infants; an evening school for youths and adults engaged in daily occupations; a Women's Evening School, for improving character and extending domestic usefulness, thereby making better mothers and more comfortable homes; industrial classes to teach youth tailoring and shoemaking; employment in the shape of wood-chopping, as an industrial test for recommendation to situations; a Home for Boys, when first engaged in places, apart from unwholesome contamination; a Night Refuge for the utterly destitute; a clothing society; a distribution of bread to the starving; baths; a room to dry clothes, worn in the rain during the day; Bible classes, under voluntary teaching, through which nearly ten thousand persons of all ages have heard set forth the glad tidings of salvation during the past year; a separate Bible class for women; a refuge prayer-meeting; a teachers' prayer-meeting; quarterly conferences for committees and teachers, for minute examination into the detailed working of our institution; a school missionary, to supply the spiritual wants of the sick, to scour the streets, to bring youthful wanderers to the school, and to rescue young girls from the paths of sin; and a Ragged Church for the proclamation of the gospel and the worship of God!"

To all of these progressive movements Lord Ashley lent important aid.

Having taken the matter in hand, he at once proceeded to get a firm grip of it by seeing for himself everything that was to be seen in connection with the work, and hearing for himself all that was to be heard. He went into the vilest rookeries, and became acquainted with the most ignorant and depraved. He visited the few ragged schools that were in existence at that time, and inspired hope and courage in the teachers by his presence. He took his place in the school beside them, and spoke kindly words to the wondering listeners. A strange sight was a ragged school audience in those days. There were to be seen "the cunning expression of the cadger; the sharp, acute face of the street minstrel; the costermonger out of work; the cropped head of the felon who had just left jail; the pallid and thinly clad woman, weakened by long-continued sickness and penury; the spare form of him who, once in affluence, had "wasted his substance in riotous living." And among this motley assembly Lord Ashley would sit, with his calm eyes gazing sorrowfully upon them and his pleasant voice trying to utter words of hope.

LETTERS OF A SISTER.

To her Brother, James Freeman Clarke.

BOSTON, Sept. 23, 1834.

My dear James,—I met Margaret some evenings since, the first time that I have seen her since you left us. I felt coldly toward her and evinced it I suppose. However, we had some talk about indifferent matters; and, when she came to stay with E., I sent her a message by E. that, if she would come to see me, I would show her those things that she asked to see in the spring in your journal, and that you said she might see. I thought, if she really wished to break off with you, that she would not care about seeing them and therefore did not expect her; but this afternoon she came and said she had re-

ceived a letter from you in the morning, whereupon we had a talk about that affair. She expressed a great deal of feeling about it and thought that you had given her up, not she you. Said the loss was all on her side; that you could make new friends, but that to her the loss of an old friend was a serious affair. I could not tell her that the fault was not yours so much as that of another person. . . . Therefore I said that she ought not to cast off a friend forever because she was slighted once or even twice, but, if it became a common or frequent way of treating her, she would have a right to suppose that she was no longer cared for; that it might for once have been occasioned by something which she did not understand; that, though she might be right to express what she felt at the time, it was not right suddenly to take such consequences upon herself. Thus I exhorted her, and showed her those parts of your journal where you speak of her, that she might see how much you valued her and her friendship. This I suppose made some impression upon her. Still she considered it as only putting off the evil day; said it was just so with ——; that her first impressions were right then, etc. Finally she said that, if she did not change her mind, she would write to you and try it longer; and I think she will write by A.

BOSTON, Oct. 7, 1834.

My dear James,—Who should come dropping in here this evening but Harriet, just come from putting the finishing touch to her newly furnished house at Greenfield, and duly prepared next week to meet her fate—to profit by that *accident* which makes her the happiest of women.

But, what is of most importance as I promised to write to you and obtain an answer, is this: I. M.,—"Wretch, that he is!"—is about to undertake the editorship of a periodical,—a monthly magazine!—Park Benjamin having failed before beginning. Dr. Howe has taken his up with John O. Sargent and will carry it on. But I. M. wants very much to have something about the West in his first number, and wanted me to give him William's letters to publish, which I declined; but I have given him some extracts from Sam's last year's letters to make an article of. This I thought I might do as they are upon topics of general interest and written with care and finish enough for publication. Then he saw one of your pieces that you wrote about Landscape Painting and wanted that prodigiously, and I told him I would ask you. It strikes me that you and William might do wonders for a magazine by sending on some of your bright fancies and luminous observations to enrich it, and it might be a useful channel for you if you chose to make use of it. I offered him the "Philosophic Letters," but he thought them quite too profound. Will you write me soon whether you are willing to let him have some of those pieces about Art that I have in my possession? Also I allowed him to read, for his own amusement, the story about Mr. Booth; and to my great consternation he declared he would publish it, and said you could have no objection, he would suppress the names, etc., and no one would ever know who it was, etc. But I forbade him; and, if you should be willing, please to let me know directly, as he proposes to publish the first number as a specimen the first of November.

I had a little party last evening for Cousin Sarah Wheeler and Joseph Hull, who are here. Joseph is second lieutenant of the frigate "Potomac," and is going to sea directly. He is a very pleasant person.

Tom has come home to live, and goes to Mr. Alcott's school, and likes it very much. He behaves very well indeed, for he seems to be under the impression that something dreadful will happen if he does not. Yours affectionately,

SARAH

I write to tell you of the death of my poor mother, Mrs. Rose L. Terry, to whom you have so kindly sent the dear little *Cheerful Letter*. I am very lonely now, although I am married and have two little babies, one of three years and a little girl of fifteen months. Also a little brother of ten years who is very fond of books. I scarcely ever have a magazine or paper to read since poor mamma is gone. I should like to be sometimes remembered with reading through the long cold winter. Thanking all who have kindly remembered my dear mother, Mrs. Etta A. Raynor, Box 31, Speonk, Long Island, New York.

The address of Mrs. Cora A. Hoskinson is changed from Nottawa, Michigan, to Three Rivers, Michigan.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Miss Kate L. Watson, Post-office Box 57, Worcester, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address *plainly* (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.

I.

Old enough to be New

A CLEVER BAR-MAID.

How she put thirteen travellers into twelve rooms, and gave each a separate room.

Thirteen travellers met one night at an inn which had only twelve available rooms, and no two were willing to occupy the same one. Said the bar-maid, after a moment of consideration, "Gentlemen, if two of you will go together into room number one, I will return and find separate rooms for you after I have disposed of the other eleven." They did so; and she put the third into room number two, the fourth into room number three, the fifth into number four the sixth into number five, and so on until she came to number twelve, whom she put into room number eleven; then she went back to room number one, where you will remember that she had left the first and the thirteenth together. She put the thirteenth into room number twelve, thus giving each a separate room. Of course there is something wrong somewhere, but the puzzle is to tell exactly where.

II.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in wheat, but not in rye.
My second is in purchase, but not in buy;
My third is in grape, but not in nut;
My fourth is in mansion, but not in hut;
My fifth is in turkey, but not in duck;
My sixth is in wishbone, but not in luck;
My seventh's in orange, but not in lime;
My eighth is in stuffing, but not in thyme;
My ninth is in leave, but not in come;
My tenth is in raisin, but not in plum;
My eleventh's in wine, but not in beer;
My twelfth is in feasting, but not in cheer;
My whole is welcomed by young and old
In the sunny south, in the mountains cold;
But, north, or south, or east, or west,
It is one of the days that we love the best.

K. L. W.

III.

For the Little Ones.

A little white house full of meat,
And no door to get in and eat.

(*Selected.*)

IV.

"My first! my first!" Lord Marmion cried,
And then forever slept;
"My second, when a lonely boy,
A lonely temple kept;
I looked upon my whole; I looked,
And turned away and wept."

(*Selected.*)

V.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. If you bought six eggs, and only four were good, what would you call that?

2. Why was Queen Elizabeth greater than the Niagara Falls?

3. What are the three quickest ways of spreading the news?

(*Selected.*)

VI.

Supply the Missing Words.

Through — and hedgerows
Go — the —, early.
To — the — corn;
Good — betimes — shearing,
For — now is —,
And — must — the barns.

At — they — the —,
Beneath — friendly shadows,
Of — oak to —;
And — the — — —,
Goes — the thankful —,
The — is so —.

(*Selected.*)

Answers to puzzles in October Number.

I. *Anagrams.*

1. The Last Leaf.
2. The Raven.
3. Marmion.
4. The Ivy Green.
5. Tam o' Shanter.
6. Tender and True.
7. The Hanging of the Crane.
8. Old Robin Gray.

II. *Double Acrostic.*—Ethan Allen.

E—ureka—A
T—rowe—L
H—ul—L
A—gat—E
N—apoleo—N.

Left over from October.

Now who can guess the following which we clip from an old *St. Nicholas*:—

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The initials and finals name an officer of the Revolutionary War.

1. A celebrated exclamation.
2. A mason's tool.
3. Part of a ship.
4. A precious stone.
5. A French coin.

ANAGRAMS ON THE NAMES OF POPULAR POEMS.

1. The salt flea.
2. There, Van!
3. Mr. Naomi.
4. Y grieve then?
5. That rose, man.
6. Rude red tenant.
7. The changing of the near.
8. Any old brig, Rau.

The best list of words made from the word CLARKE is from Maude Clarke of Worcester, Mass. Maude is quite right in saying that each letter is a word in itself, and that the notes of the musical scale are words; but we cannot omit contractions. Maude also sends ten words, which we have not room to print, made from her pretty Christian name.

CLARKE.

A, ace, *acer*, acre, *al*, *ala*, ale, Alec, Aleck, arc, are, ark, C, *ça*, cake, care, calk, calker, care, cark, Carl, Clark, Clare, clerk, creak, E, ear, earl, Eck, elk, era, K, Karl, kale, L, la, *lac*, lace, lack, lacker, lake, lark, *le*, R, ra, race, Rae, rake, real, reck. Well done, Maude! Fifty-two words. *Can* any one add to her list?

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

TRAVELLING LIBRARIES.

The Travelling Libraries have now become an important part of Cheerful Letter work. In order that this department may be thoroughly organized and systematized, Miss Louise Brown, Box 91, South Framingham, Mass., has kindly consented to take it in charge. Will those interested in these libraries, and desiring information, kindly address Miss Brown as above?

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of our paper by addressing letters, asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who infringes this rule will be dropped from our list; and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by our Executive Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to our secretary, Miss Langmaid.

Miss Frances B. Fisher, our Assistant Secretary, is to be absent in Europe for several months. Will members and others kindly notice this, and send requests for correspondents to Miss M. A. Macomber, Framingham, Mass., until further notice?

Those who send contributions of any sort to the Cheerful Letter must have them sent in by or before the fifth of the month if they are to be inserted in the next issue.

DIRECTIONS.

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SECRETARY OF BOOK CLUB OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,— Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.

TREASURER OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,— Mrs. Charles T. Catlin, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks should be made payable to Mary Louise Catlin.

Subscriptions and renewals should be sent to the treasurer, also all changes of address and requests for discontinuance. The subscription is fifty cents a year. If subscribers do not receive the paper regularly, they are requested to notify Mrs. Catlin at once.

Those not able to subscribe for the paper, but desiring to receive it, may do so by writing to Mrs. Catlin, as above. Please give full name and address. Also send name of minister as reference. Some of our members take the paper in order to send it to those who are not able to subscribe for it.